

# the PRESBYTERIAN

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## Calling the Angels In.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,  
We mean to slacken this feverish rush  
That is wearing our very souls away,  
And grant to our hearts a hush  
That is only enough to let them hear  
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,  
When the burden of daytime broil is o'er,  
We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,  
As the patriarchs sat in the door  
Of their tents with a heavenward gazing eye,  
To watch for angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noontide,  
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;  
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,  
To tarry in converse sweet;  
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,  
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promise our hearts that when the stress  
Of the life work reaches the longed-for close,  
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,  
We'll welcome such calm repose  
As banishes care's disturbing din,  
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,  
When tired of every mocking guest,  
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,  
We drop at the door of rest,  
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—  
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

—Margaret J. Preston.

✻ "To the Law and to the Testimony. If they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them.—Isaiah viii: 20.